

T'WAS FAR AWAY.

T'was far away where skies are fair
And sweet with song and light;
When I had but my sythe, my dear
And you your needles bright.

So far away, and yet, today,
For all the distance dear,
My heart keeps chime with that sweet
And dreams the old dreams there.

There, where love learned its sweetest
And built its brightest bowers;
Where sang the rarest mocking birds
And bloomed the fairest flowers!

And fields were golden-rich, and clear
The streams flowed in the light—
When I had but my sythe, my dear,
And you your needles bright!

How soft and sweet across the wheat
Your dear voice came to me,
When stars of love peeped pale above
And I went dreaming home!

Life had no sweeter joy than this—
To rest a little while
There, where you came to me with a kiss
And blessed me with a smile!

So far that sweet time seems to-day,
Here 'neath these darkened skies;
And yet, across the weary way
You light me with your eyes!

And I would give earth's gold to share
Once more that day, that night,
When I had but my sythe, my dear,
And you your needles bright!

—[Frank L. Stanton.]

A DAGHESTAN PATTERN.

Phoebe Jane Breck hung the little
rug over the arm of the old, high-
backed rocking-chair, and Mrs. Pon-
sonby Ten Breck gazed at it critically.

"It's a real Daghestan pattern,"
said the great lady, who was a sum-
mer visitor at East Palestine; and
Phoebe Jane colored high with pride
and pleasure. Being only fifteen
years old, and not the capable one of
the family, it was a great satisfaction
to have her handiwork admired by a
lady from New York.

You really have a knack at rug-
making," said Phoebe Jane's older
sister Eunice, when the visitor's car-
riage had gone. It was at that very
moment, while Phoebe Jane was
washing the best thin glass tumbler
in which the lady had drunk her
cream, that a great idea came to her.
She did not tell Eunice at once;
Eunice was trying to trim Pauline
Jordan's bonnet "kind of subdued,"
according to that lady's injunctions,
as she was coming out with new false
teeth, and was anxious not to look
too "flighty." When Eunice had
something on her mind was not the
time to talk to her. Besides, it was
such a great idea that it almost took
Phoebe Jane's breath away.

If she could have told her Cousin
Luella, that would have been a com-
fort. Luella went to the Oakmont
Female Seminary, and knew almost
everything; but Luella and she were
forbidden to speak to each other, be-
cause her father and Luella's mother,
Aunt Cynthia, had quarrelled long
ago.

Aunt Cynthia's boys, Jerome and
Albion, and Phoebe Jane's brother,
Llewellyn, had always scowled at
each other, but Phoebe Jane and
Luella had wanted to be friends ever
since the day when Luella's buff
kitten got lost in Wingate's woods,
and Phoebe Jane climbed a tall tree,
in the top of which it was mewling
piteously, and restored it to its
mistress's arms.

That had happened long ago, when
they were little girls; but ever since
they had shown themselves congen-
ial spirits. So Phoebe Jane
longed to ask Luella's advice about
her bright idea. But as that could
not be, she allowed it to rest awhile
in her eager brain, and then pro-
ceeded to develop it.

Phoebe Jane stole softly into "the
shepherdess room"—they called it so
because the old-fashioned paper on
the walls was covered with shepherd-
esses, with their crooks and their
flocks of sheep. It was the best room;
the parlor; but although Phoebe
Jane's father and mother lived in
that house ever since they were
married, the room had never been
furnished.

They had always been planning to
furnish it; that had been one of
Phoebe Jane's mother's hopes as long
as she lived, and now Eunice, when-
ever she was able to save a little
money, said that sometime, perhaps,
they could furnish the parlor.

Eunice had made a beautiful
lounge for it out of an old packing-
case, and Mrs. Tibury, when she
moved to Orland, had left them her
base-burner stove to use until she
wanted it. But Eunice said the great
difficulty was the carpet—it was such
a large room.

Phoebe Jane stood in the middle of
the room and surveyed it with a
measuring eye.

"Llewellyn will paint the edges for
me," she meditated, "and it is very
stupid to leave half a yard all
round."

"Then we could have the choir re-
hearsals here," said Phoebe Jane
aloud to herself.

The choir rehearsals were held in
the church before the service on Sun-
day mornings, which was a very in-
convenient time for those singers
who lived away up beyond Figeon
Hill down at Wood End. These re-
hearsals seemed a little like profan-
ing the Sabbath, too, to some of the
singers; and, anyway, it was not
pleasant and social, as it would be
to have them in the evening. But it
cost too much to heat or even to
light the church for evening rehears-
als; it was a large, old-fashioned
church, and Palestine was poor.

The Brecks had a large parlor or-
gan; it almost filled the little sitting
room. Mary Ellen, the sister who
quid, had bought it with her school-
teaching money. No one else in Pal-
estine had such an organ, and Eunice
had often said, with a long sigh,
"How delightful it would be to have
the choir rehearsals here, if we only
had the parlor furnished!"

Phoebe Jane decided that if she had
a "knack" it was high time she
used it to accomplish something
worth the while, especially as she
had an uncomfortable sense of not
being good for much.

Eunice was a famous housekeeper,

and could trim bonnets so well that
people preferred her work to that of
the village milliner. She was so use-
ful in dresses that every one sent
for her; and she could play beauti-
fully on the organ, too, although she
had never taken any lessons.

Even Llewellyn, who was thirteen
years old, and only a boy, could be
trusted to get dinner better than
Phoebe Jane; he could draw delight-
ful music out of the old fiddle that
they had found in Grandpa Pulsifer's
garret, and could puzzle the school-
master himself when it came to
mathematics.

Phoebe Jane couldn't play on any-
thing, except a comb, and she was
obliged to go to the barn to indulge
in that musical performance because
it made Eunice nervous; she said she
could bear it if Phoebe Jane could
keep a tune. And Phoebe Jane was
very apt to be at the foot of the class
at school.

Never mind! Mrs. Ponsonby Ten
Breck might flatter, but Eunice
certainly never did, and Eunice had
said that she, Phoebe Jane, had a
"knack."

Phoebe Jane slipped away that af-
ternoon without giving any account
of herself. She called first on old
Mrs. Prouty, who had been the Pal-
estine dressmaker for fifty years. Old
Mrs. Prouty had the reputation of
being "snug"; she had a great store
of "pieces" in her attic, and she had
never been known to give any away,
even for a cry-quilt.

But she and Phoebe Jane were very
intimate. Phoebe Jane had brought
up Mrs. Prouty's tender brood of tur-
keys, hatched during a thunder-
shower; had always stood up for
Ginger, the old lady's little rat-ter-
rier, that was voted a nuisance by
the neighbors, and had twice rescued
him from cruel boys. Moreover, old
Mrs. Prouty's niece Lorinda sang in
"the seats," and longed for evening
rehearsals.

The pile of "pieces" in Mrs.
Prouty's attic was like a mountain
of rainbows, and old Mrs. Prouty
had so good a memory that she knew
to whose dress almost every piece
had belonged.

Phoebe Jane made two or three
other calls, and before she went
home the success of her plan seemed
assured.

Eunice said, "I don't see how you're
going to make a rug that's large
enough," and "I hope you won't
get tired of it before it's half-done,
as you did of the bed-spread you
began to crochet." But she
helped; Eunice would always
help, though she was practical
and saw all the difficulties at once.

Llewellyn got the Corey boys to
help him make a frame that was
large enough, and he helped to make
the rest too. By dint of hard work
it was finished and laid upon the
parlor floor the first of December.
As Phoebe Jane said, if you don't
believe it was a sieve, you'd better
try one! A real Daghestan pattern,
nine by twelve feet.

Then, alas! when the rug was
down, and the parlor furnished, all
the pleasure of the choir rehearsals
was spoiled by a church quarrel. It
arose as church quarrels and others
often do, from what seemed a very
small thing.

Old Mrs. Tackaberry, Aunt Cin-
thia's mother, had the old-fashioned
New England habit of suspending all
labor on Saturday evening, and be-
ginning it again on Sunday evening;
and being a very obstinate woman,
she would knit in the Sunday evening
prayer meeting. No matter how
loud the minister and the members
prayed and exhorted, no matter how
loud the congregation sang, old Mrs.
Tackaberry's knitting-needle seemed
to click above everything.

Some people were shocked and
some had their nerves affected, while
others declared that "a mother in
Israel," like old Mrs. Tackaberry,
should be allowed to indulge in such
a harmless eccentricity. At this
time the church was divided into two
parties, one insisting old Mrs. Tack-
aberry should cease to knit or leave,
and the other declaring that if she
left it would leave with her.

So the church was rent asunder.
The supporters of old Mrs. Tack-
aberry hired the town-hall for their
services, and a young divinity stu-
dent for their minister. The funds
that had been barely enough for one
church were sadly insufficient for
two, and there was enmity between
old friends and neighbors. So Phoebe
Jane said with a tearful sense of the
futility of all human hopes, that
there was "no comfort in half a
choir rehearsal."

It was old Mrs. Tackaberry who
had made the trouble between Aunt
Cynthia, and her brother-in-law,
years before, so it was not very likely
that the Brecks would espouse her
cause, though Deacon Breck who was
a mild and gentle man, and never had
quarrelled with anybody but Aunt
Cynthia in his life—Deacon Breck
said he "wished folks could have put
up with the knitting, for he believed
it was conducive to godliness to let
good folks do as they were a mind
to."

As if Phoebe Jane had not had dis-
appointment enough, the worst storm
of the season came on that Saturday
night when the choir had been in-
vited to hold its first rehearsal in the
newly-furnished parlor. It was a rain,
following a heavy fall of snow. The
roads were almost impassable, and
most of the singers lived a long dis-
tance from the village.

The town-hall was opposite the
Brecks' house, and Phoebe Jane
looking out of the window, saw that
the choir of the new society was as-
sembling in spite of the storm. It
was to be a great occasion with the
new society to-morrow; Jerome,
Aunt Cynthia's oldest son, who was a
student in a theological seminary,
was going to preach.

But a great volume of smoke was
pouring out of the doors and win-
dows of the hall, and Llewellyn, who
had been over to investigate, announced
that "that old chimney was smoking
again, and they would have to give
up their rehearsal." Then Llewellyn,
who was a strong partisan, and didn't
like Aunt Cynthia's Jerome, turned
a somersault of excitement and de-
light.

"It is too bad!" cried Phoebe Jane,
whose soul was sympathetic. "Fath-
er—Eunice—don't you think you
might ask them to come in here?"

Father Breck hesitated, rubbing his
hands together nervously. He

said he was afraid people would think
it was queer, and if any of their choir
should come it would be awkward.
Then Eunice suddenly came to the
front, and she could play beauti-
fully on the organ, too, although she
quitted unexpectedly.

"I think Phoebe Jane has a right
to use the parlor as she likes, she
worked so hard for the rug," said
Eunice.

"Well, well, do as you like, Phoebe
Jane. Maybe it's a providential
leading," said Father Breck.
Phoebe Jane threw her waterproof
over her head and ran out. There
were Cynthia and Jerome, and with
them a professor from Jerome's sem-
inary. Phoebe Jane had a jump in
her throat when she tried to speak to
them, but behind, oh joy! there was
Luella.

"If you will come and rehearse in
my parlor—you know about my
rug!" said Phoebe Jane; and then
she drew her waterproof over her
head again and ran back.

There was a consultation, evidently.
Phoebe Jane heard old Mrs. Tack-
aberry's voice, and was afraid they
wouldn't come.

But they did! It seemed almost
the whole of the new society came
pouring into the parlor, and by that
time Alma Pickering, and Jo Flint,
and the Hodgdon girls, of their own
choir, had come!

It would have been a little awk-
ward if old Mrs. Tackaberry had not
been immediately struck by the new
rug, and begun to ask questions
about it with a freedom that made
every one laugh.

Soon they were all talking about it.
Phoebe Jane remembered, as she had
meant to, where she had put almost
all the "pieces" of which Mrs. Prouty
had told her the history.

Old Mrs. Tackaberry cried about
the pink delaine that was her little
granddaughter, Abby Ellen's, who
died, and about the brown tippet
dressed when she married a mission-
ary and went to China, and died
there.

Then they all laughed at an ara-
besque in one corner which was Jer-
ome's yellow flannel dress—Phoebe
Jane had been a little afraid to tell
of that, Jerome was so imposing in a
white necktie. Aunt Cynthia would
not believe that she had let the dress-
maker make that dress until she re-
membered that it was the time when
she scolded her hand.

People kept coming in. Phoebe
Jane had an inspiration, and made
Llewellyn go and invite them. It
became a good old-fashioned neigh-
borhood party—"just like a quilting,"
old Mrs. Tackaberry said. Every-
body found some of their "pieces"
or their relatives' "pieces" in the
rug, and smiles and tears and innum-
erable stories grew out of this.

The newcomers found the two fac-
tions apparently so reconciled that
they were surprised out of any an-
ticipations that they might have felt;
and when they came to rehearse
their music it happened, oddly
enough, that both parties had chosen
the same hymn, and they all sang
together.

When they had finished rehears-
ing, someone—Phoebe Jane never
was quite sure whether it was Jerome
or the professor—started "Blessed
be the tie that binds." How they did
sing it! Old Mrs. Tackaberry's thin, crack-
led treble sang out in defiance of time
and tune, and when the hymn ended
tears were rolling down her seamy
cheeks.

"I'm going back to the church!"
she said, brokenly. "I've spilt my
meat'n's and other folk's long
enough. And—and—I'm going to
do what I'm a mind to, to home,
when it comes sun-down on the Sab-
bath day, but I ain't goin' to knit a
mite in meetin' again—not a mite!"
There was a great hand-shaking;
Aunt Cynthia and Father Breck
actually shook hands, and out in the
entry old Mrs. Tackaberry kissed
Phoebe Jane.

In spite of the bad roads, there
was a great congregation in the East
Palestine church the next day. It
was the professor who preached. He
chose for his text, "Blessed are the
peacemakers," and every one looked
at Phoebe Jane until she grew red to
the tips of her ears.

She and Luella walked homeward
together—openly, arm in arm; and
it seemed like walking in Paradise,
although one went over shoe in mud.

—[Youth's Companion.]

Telephone Doctors.

In a telephone plant for a big city
like Chicago there are cables con-
taining upward of 20,000 miles of
copper wire. Complete records are
kept of the position of every wire,
and the men in charge can pick out
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whenever it is necessary to inspect
it or work on it. When a line gets
into trouble it can be tested in both
directions from the switchboard and
out toward the subscriber's station.

At every exchange there is an offi-
cial called the "wire chief," whose
special duty is to overlook the mak-
ing of connections between the sub-
scriber's line and the switchboard, to
inspect the wires, and to test them
electrically in order to determine the
position of any defect that may oc-
cur in a subscriber's line or instru-
ments. The wire chief sits at a spe-
cial desk, from which wires run to
various parts of the system, and he
is provided with electrical instru-
ments with which to make tests on
lines that develop "trouble." He is
the ambulance surgeon of the tele-
phone plant, and his wires give him
the advantage of being truly ubiq-
uitous. He receives complaints and
reports of "trouble," and enters on
special slips every "trouble" re-
ported or discovered.

These slips are handed to "trouble
men," who search out the cause, and
finding it, apply the proper remedy.
They then enter on another set of
forms what they found and what they
did on the slip and return it. In this way
a close and comprehensive check is
kept on the operation of the tele-
phone plant, which, on account of
its complexity and of the number of
small parts that go to make it up,
is peculiarly liable to trifling but
troublesome defects. Returns are
made up periodically from the
"trouble slips," and these form a
continuous record of the efficiency
both of the plant and of those im-
mediately in charge of it.—[Chicago
News.]

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